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house till they found her dead the next morning; therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers. To that end further proof was made.

First—That she lay in a composed manner in her bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

Secondly—Her throat cut from ear to ear, and her neck broken; and if she first cut her throat, she could not break her neck in the bed, nor *contra*.

Thirdly—There was no blood in the bed, saving there was a tincture of blood on the bolster whereon her head lay; but no substance of blood at all.

Fourthly—From the bed's head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bendings of the floor to a very great quantity; and there was also another stream of blood on the floor at the bed's feet, which ponded also on the floor to another great quantity, but no continuance or communication of blood of either of these two places from one to the other, neither upon the bed; so that she bled in two places severally. And it was deposed, turning up the mat of the bed, there were clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mat underneath.

Fifthly—The bloody knife was found in the morning sticking in the floor a good distance from the bed; but the point of the knife as it stuck was towards the bed, and the haft from the bed.

Lastly—There was a print of the thumb and four fingers of the left hand.

Sir Nicholas Hide, Chief Justice, said to the witness—How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right hand in such a case?

Witness—My Lord, it is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly place your right hand in the same posture. Which being done, and appearing so, the defendants had time to make their defence, but gave no evidence to any purpose.

The jury departed from the bar, and, returning, acquitted Okeman, and found the other three guilty; who being severally demanded what they could say why judgment should not be pronounced, said, 'Nothing'; but each of them said, 'I did not do it, I did not do it.'

Judgment was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed; but the aunt had the privilege to be spared execution, being with child.

I inquired, did they confess any thing at their execution; but they did not, as I was told."

JACK JOHNSTONE.

THE times are sadly changed in Ireland as regards the drama, and the enjoyments of its lovers, since the days when Jack Johnstone used to delight his thousands of hearers, in old "Crow street," with his melodious warblings of Irish melodies, and his never-to-be-equalled touches of Irish humour and merriment. It can never be questioned that he was the truest painter of Irish character that ever lived. There was no trait to be found throughout its extensive range, from the accomplished gentleman to the unlettered peasant, that he was not equally master of, and which he did not depict with equal spirit and vividness; and this always in such a way as to make us pleased with the picture of ourselves, and acknowledge its truth, while we laughed at its strange and often ludicrous peculiarities. There was nothing in Jack Johnstone's personation that Irishmen would ever feel ashamed of, or that they would not willingly allow to go forth to the world at large as faithful delineations of their eccentricities and faults, as well as of their drolleries and virtues; and hence not only is the memory of this genuine Irish comedian honoured by those of the last generation, who were his cotemporaries, but his reputation as an actor has even descended with lustre to our own times. So should it for ever live; and in this desire of contributing our humble assistance towards perpetuating his memory, we are induced to present our readers with a short biographical notice of his career, which we are sure will not be displeasing to the young, while it will hardly fail to revive joyous recollections of happy days in the minds of our readers of more advanced years.

Mr John Henry Johnstone was born at Tipperary in 1750, and was the son of a small but respectable farmer, having a large family. At the early age of 18 he enlisted into a regiment of Irish dragoons, then stationed at Clonmel, commanded

by Colonel Brown. Being smitten with the charms of a neighbouring farmer's daughter, Johnstone used to scale the barrack-wall after his comrades had retired to their quarters, for the purpose of serenading his mistress, having a remarkably sweet and flexible voice. He always returned, however, and was ready at parade the following morning. He was much esteemed throughout the regiment for a native lively turn of mind, and peculiarly companionable qualities. Two of his comrades (who had found out the secret of his nocturnal visitations) scaled the wall after him, and discovered him on his knee singing a plaintive Irish ditty beneath the window of his innamorata. They instantly returned to quarters, and were quickly followed by Johnstone. The serjeant of the company to which he belonged eventually became acquainted with the circumstance, but never apprised the colonel of the fact. Shortly after, Colonel Brown had a party of particular friends dining with him, whom he was most anxious to entertain: he inquired what soldier throughout the regiment had the best voice, and the palm of merit was awarded by the serjeant-major to Johnstone. The colonel sent for him, and he attended the summons, overwhelmed with apprehension that his absence from quarters had reached his commander's ears. He was soon relieved, however, on this point, and attended the party at the time appointed. The first song he sang was a hunting one, which obtained much applause, although he laboured under great trepidation. The colonel said that he had heard he excelled in Irish melodies, and bade Johnstone sing one of his favourite *love* songs. His embarrassment increased at this order; but after taking some refreshment, he sang the identical ditty with which he had so often serenaded his mistress, in such a style of pathos, feeling, and taste, as perfectly enraptured his auditors. Having completely regained his self-possession, he delighted the company with several other songs, which all received unqualified approbation.

The next day Colonel Brown sent for him and sounded his inclination for the stage. Johnstone expressed his wishes favourably on the point, but hinted the extreme improbability of his success, from want of experience and musical knowledge. The colonel overcame his objections, and granted him his discharge, with a highly recommendatory letter to his particular friend Mr Ryder, then manager of the Dublin theatre, who engaged Johnstone at two guineas a-week for three years, which, after his first appearance in *Lionel*, was immediately raised to four (a high salary at that time in Dublin). His fame as a vocalist gathered like a snow-ball, and he performed the whole range of young singing lovers with pre-eminent eclat.

Our hero next formed a matrimonial alliance with a Miss Poitier, daughter of Colonel Poitier, who had then the command of the military dépôt at Kilmainham gaol. This lady being highly accomplished, and possessing a profound knowledge of music, imparted to her husband the secrets of the science, and made him a finished singer.

Macklin having the highest opinion of Johnstone's talent, advised him to try the metropolitan boards, and wrote a letter to Mr Thomas Harris, of Covent-garden, who, on the arrival of Johnstone and his wife, immediately engaged them for three years, at a weekly salary of £14, £16, and £18. Johnstone made his first appearance in London on the 3d October 1783, in his old character of *Lionel*, and made a complete hit, fully sustaining the ten years' reputation he had acquired on the Dublin stage. After remaining several years at Covent-garden, and finding his voice not improving with time, he formed the admirable policy of taking to Irish parts, which were then but very inadequately filled. His success was beyond example; his native humour, rich brogue, and fine voice for Irish ditties, carried all before him. In fact, he was the only actor who could personate with the utmost effect both the patrician and plebeian Irishman. He next performed at the Haymarket, being one of those who remonstrated with the proprietors of Covent-garden in 1801, against their new regulations. In 1803, he visited his friends in Dublin, where martial law being then in force, on account of Emmett's rebellion, the company performed in the day-time. On his return to London his wife died, and he afterwards married Miss Boulton, the daughter of a wine-merchant, by whom he had Mrs Wallack, who with her children succeeded to the bulk of his large property. In the records of the stage no actor ever approached Johnstone in Irish characters. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Callaghan O'Bralaghan, Major O'Flaherty, Teague, Tully (the Irish gardener), and Dennis Brulgrudery, were portrayed by him in the most exquisite colours. In fact, they stood alone for felicity of nature and original merit.